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**Americans Who Are Willing Exiles—
Beautiful Scenery—A Novel Enter-
tainment with a Pleasant Ending.**

—Riley.

The canton of Geneva in 1814 joined the Swiss Confederation, making the twenty-second in number. Its territory, which corners into France and has been much fought over in the centuries that have gone by, has always been occupied by a liberty-loving people. Their neighbors, the Dukes of Savoy, made many attempts at their subjugation, but never succeeded. The English yet celebrate the detection and defeat of the Guy Fawkes gun powder plot, so the

A SCENE OF GREAT BEAUTY

A NOVEL ENTERTAINMENT

At an evening entertainment, last week, given by the Geneva colony of university students of Armenian and Caucasian nationalities (male and female), we saw and heard much that was new and interesting. A recitation given in the Russian language, entitled "The Tears of the Araxe" (name of a Caucasian river), written by one Kamar Kathipa, a Georgian, might, for all we knew, have arisen from the pebbly banks of the Wabash or the shores of the west fork of Big Creek in Posey county. It was a story of the sufferings of the Armenians of the Caucasus, and of the oppression practiced by the Russians.

AN ADMIRER OF AMERICA.

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Competitive Beauty.

Mr. Grant Allen says that the last twenty years have marked a great advance in the beauty of English women. The latter of a century ago, he says, he traveled in France, and, as became a naturalist, took a keen interest in the appearance of the girls. Very lately, he has returned from a long ground again, and reports that the French girls are no prettier than they were, but that among the middle class in England the improvement is very marked. He says that the young English girls are better grown than formerly, and have better figures. He says that the English girls are their mothers. Beauty lies so largely in the eye of the beholder that it is possible that the English girls are no prettier than is due to a change in himself. It is noticeable that his heart warms more readily than his head. He says that the twenty-five years of ripening experience have brought him a keener appreciation of the beauty of the young. Yet he is by profession an observer of curious phenomena, and should know whereof he speaks. It is probably true that English girls have grown handsomer, and the reason is not far to seek. The development of the muscles has doubtless had something to do with it. The improvement in the major part of the improvement to the girls of competition. For the last two decades the girls of competition have set the race for the English maidens, who, however, have made a gallant and not altogether successful attempt to follow them. It while the French women, being comparatively free from American competition, have not been so much improved. The English girls are concerned, what an excellent result this is, and how creditable to the English girls. It is a pity that they do their best, instead of settling hopelessly down under discouragement. The American girls are good for everybody, her rivals included.

**Fragmentary Chronicles Added to the
Records—A Chapter of Reminis-
cences from Judge Ferguson.**

be known that the results of any careful

researches into the historical and biographical lore of Indiana, would be welcomed. Many excellent papers of this sort, well written and carefully prepared, are given from time to time by members of the innumerable literary clubs throughout the State. But, as before remarked, it is worth while to have even three pamphlets, and these three prove on examination to be of interest and value. One of them tells the story of Gaiterston, the eventful place on the western shore of Lake Michigan, which maintained a trading post and settlement. It is written by Professor Craig, of Purdue University, and seems to cover the ground as thoroughly as can be done in so limited space. Another of the three is given up to the Columbus oration by Prof. John Clark Ridpath, on "The Man in History," developed from the Columbus oration by the Historical Society. In the third pamphlet are biographical sketches of Ziba Pooto and Samuel Morrison, and a chapter of reminiscences of a journey from Madison to Indianapolis in 1838. These last are contributed by Judge C. F. Ferguson, and while not of especial historical value, they are of interest to many once well-known Indiana citizens that they are here reproduced. Judge Ferguson says:

At the August election, in the year 1838, my father had been elected a Representative in Congress, and as he was a young man, was quite a small boy, he was seized with a desire to take me to Indianapolis to see the place where my father had been elected a member of the General Assembly, but how to get me there was the question. Judge Lewis, of the Indiana Supreme Court, in December, Judge Dewey, who lived at Charlestown, was of the supreme court at that time and had been the president of the term commencing on the fourth Monday of May, and he was the first to suggest to me that the Judge should take me.

corduroy roads. The distinguished passengers talked a good deal, and to-day I remember some things they said. I know in one of their discussions one of them said the most burning epithet one man can apply to another is to call him a fool. This observation I never forgot, and it came vividly before my mind when I read of Gen. Butler's famous saying, "there among all the mean things which had been said of him, no man had ever called him a fool."

IN THE CAPITAL CITY.

A little after dark on this last day of the drowsy and stormy week, Mr. Crawford arose and said, in his peculiar tone of voice, which those who knew him will recollect, "Now you can see the lights of Indianapolis," and shortly afterwards we were in the town. What a contrast was there! There were no brands, no whistles; no yelling of the names of different hotels; but in a few minutes we were in the city, drew up in front of the Mansion House, kept by Basil Brown, one of the most agreeable of landlords of the hotel, cold and tired, a Supreme Judge, an ex-Supreme Judge, a great lawyer, and a great man.

Next morning, after breakfast, I started out to find William Sheets, the Secretary of the Board of Trustees, to whom I wrote a letter. I found Mr. Sheets at his residence, a new and beautiful brick cottage on a hill, the site of the old city of Newburgh now occupied by the Denison House. At that time there were two small children, a boy and a girl, and a mother, who was an affectionate, sweet-faced mother, and an accomplished lady, and certainly deserving the name of mother. She was anxious to supply the place of a mother to me. She had a name and a name of a mother.

I noticed on the outside of the music box the printed name of Mary Randolph, but I did not know how to get to the name, so that she was the daughter of Thomas Randolph, the bosom friend of Gen. W. H. Harrison. He was the son of Governor Harrison, slain at Tippecanoe.

I was not long in discovering that Mr. Sheets was a native of Indiana, and that his term as Secretary was about expiring, and he was a candidate for re-election by the Board of Trustees. I was very glad to find that his family felt that the candidate of whom he had been most proud, a man by the name of Basil Brown, was a good man, and that he was for when the election came out William H. Brown was elected, and I stated that I was the first lift given to the name of Brown, who afterwards became so prominent in the State.

During my stay the family was visited to

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I have a distinct recollection of the feast which was prepared for many members of the House of Representatives, who were often carrying messages and doing little errands for them without pay other than the privilege of being in the hall and on the floor. I missed and I regretted that I had not given me by old Jim Fisher, the door-keeper

SOME FAMOUS MEN.

Joseph G. Marshall was one of the lions of the House, so was Thomas J. Evans, a strong leader on the internal improvement side, not much heard of afterwards because he did not live many years. William T. J. Jones, a very active and brilliant man, was there from Evansville, but he died a few years afterwards. Robert Dale Owen

and George H. Proffit sat near each other flow many of the rising politicians of the time. I saw Edward B. Smith, son-in-law of George H. Proffit. Yet he was regarded as a very brilliant man in his day, and, like my father, had been elected to Congress from the First district for many years, sometimes one and sometimes the other going to Washington at least twice a year. He was "Tyrerized," George D. Prentice had told me to say to them: "Wine is a fool and Proffit is a knave." My father was sent on a foreign mission, at the expiration of which it is said he removed to Louisville, where he died.

Go going to my father's room one night I found him engaged in conversation with a young man who had come in late in the room soon after I entered. I was told the gentleman's name was Smith and he was a senator from Kentucky, a member of the United States Senator, but he could not do so because he had promised to vote for Governor Coble. He voted for Governor Coble and voted nine times for Governor Noble, and on the ninth ballot Oliver H. Smith was elected.

Dad Wallace was Lieutenant Governor, a small man, with black hair and flashing eyes. He was a very good fellow. When I stayed at the Mansion House he got married and brought his young wife to the house. She was a very nice girl, sitting at the table. The present, well-known and beloved Mrs. Wallace is often spoken of as being her daughter. It is a mistake; she is his stepmother, but no doubt, she gave to him all the careful attention and love that she could give for her to give, the same as if he had been her own son.

I went to a hall from our room was the room of a young lawyer to whom I became greatly attached. He flattered me with little compliments and great attentions. He took me to his room, where his roommate had a guitar. He told me his name was Otto and that he was a student of law while in employment under Governor Noble. Many times after I returned home I thought of him and how much I enjoyed him. He was kind to me, and wondered if I should ever meet him again. After seven years passed by, I met him once more.